VENVS AND ADONIS

BIBLIOTHECA

Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flauus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.

LONDON,
Printed for W. B. 1617.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, HENRY WRIOTHESLIE, Earle of Southhampton, *and Baron of* Tichfield.

Right Honourable, I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolisht lines to your Lordship; nor how the World will censure me for chusing so strong a prop, to support so weake a burthen: only if your Honour seeme

but pleased, I account my selfe highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle houres, till I have honoured you with some greater labour. But if the first heire of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so Noble a Godfather, and never after eare so barren a Land, for feare it yeeld me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your Honourable survey, and your Honour to your hearts contents: which I wish may always answer your owne wish and the World hopefull expectation.

Your Honours in all duetie,

William Shakespeare.

VENVS

VENVS AND ADONIS.

EVen as the Sunne, with purple coloured face,
Had tane his last leaue of the weeping morne,
Rose-cheekt *Adonis* hied him to the chase:
Hunting he lou'd, but loue he laught to scorne,
Sick-thoughted *Venus* makes amain vnto him,
And like a bold fac't suter 'gins to woo him.

Thrice fairer then my selfe (thus she began)
The fields chiefe flowre, sweet aboue compare,
Staine to all Nymphes, more louely then a man,
More white and red, then Doues, or Roses are:
Nature that made thee, with her selfe at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchsafe thou wonder to alight thy Steed,
And reigne his proud head to the saddle bowe:
If thou wilt deigne this fauour, for thy meed
A thousand bonie secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where neuer Serpent hisses,
And being set, Ile smother thee with kisses.

And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd ſatietie,
But rather ſamiſh them amid their plentie,
Making them red and pale, with freſh varietie:
Tenne kiſſes ſhort as one, one long as twentie.
A Summers day will ſeeme an houre but ſhort,
Being waſted in ſuch time-beguiling ſport.

With this, ſhe ſeizeth on his ſweating palme,
The preſident of pith and liuelihood,
And trembling in her paſſion cals it balme,
Earths ſoueraigne ſalue to doe a Goddeſſe good:
Being ſo enrag'd, deſire doth lend her force,
Courageouſly to plucke him from his Horſe.

Ouer one arme the luſtie Courſers reine,
Vnder the other was the tender Boy,
Who bluſht and powted in a dull diſdaine,
With leaden appetite, vnapt to toy.
She red and hote, as coales of glowing fire:
He red for ſhame, but frolſtie in deſire.

The ſtudded bridle, on a ragged bough,
Nimbly ſhe faſtens, (ô, how quicke is loue!)
The Steed is ſtalled vp, and euen now
To tye the Rider ſhe begins to proue,
Backward ſhe puſht him, as ſhe would be thruſt,
And gouernd him in ſtrength, though not in luſt.

So

So ſoone was ſhe along, as he was downe,
Each leaning on their elbowes and their hips.
Now doth ſhe ſtroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And 'gins to chide, but ſoone ſhe ſtops his lips,
And kiſſing ſpeakes, with luſtfull language bro-
If thou wilt chide, thy lips ſhal neuer open (ken;

He burnes with baſhfull ſhame, ſhe with her teares
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheekes:
Then with her windie ſighes and golden heares,
To fanne and blow them drie againe ſhe ſeekes.
He ſaith ſhe is immodeſt, blames her miſſe,
What followes more, ſhe ſmothers with a kiſſe.

Euen as an emptie Eagle, ſharpe by faſt,
Tires with her beake on feathers, fleſh and bone,
Shaking her wings, deuouring all in haſte,
Till either gorge be ſtuft, or prey be gone:
Euen ſo ſhe kiſt his brow, his cheeke, his chinne,
And where ſhe ends, ſhe doth anew beginne.

Forc't to content, but neuer to obey,
Panting he lies, and breathing in her face;
She feedeth on the ſteame, as on a prey,
And cals it heauenly moyſture, ayre of grace,
Wiſhing her cheeks were gardens ful of flowres,
So they were dew'd with ſuch diſtilling ſhowres.

Looke how a bird lyes tangled in a Net,
So fastned in her armes *Adonis* lyes:
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beautie in his angry eyes.
Raine added to a Riuer that is ranke,
Perforce will force it ouerflowe the banke.

Still she intreates, and pretily entreates:
For to a pretie eare she tunes her tale:
Still is he sullen, still he lowres and frets,
Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashie pale;
Being red she loues him best, and being white,
Her best is bettered with a more delight.

Looke how he can, she cannot chuse but loue,
And by her faire immortall hand she sweares,
From his soft bosome neuer to remoue,
Til he take truce with her cõtending teares, (wer,
Which long haue rain'd, making her cheekes all
And one sweet kisse shall pay this countles debt.

Vpon this promise did he rayse his chin,
Like a Dine-dapper peering through a waue,
Who being lookt on, duckes as quickly in:
So offers he to giue what she did craue.
But when her lips were readie for his pay,
He winkes, and turnes his lips another way.

Neuer did passenger in Summers heat (turne.
More thirst for drinke, then shee for this good
Her helpe she sees, but helpe she cannot get,
She bathes in water, yet in fire must burne:
Oh pittie gan she cry, flint-hearted boy,
Tis but a kisse I begge, why art thou coy?

I haue been woo'd, as I intreate thee now,
Euen by the sterne and direfull God of Warre,
Whose sinowie necke in battel ne're did bow.
Who conquers where he comes in euery iarre:
Yet hath he beene my captiue and my slaue,
And begd for that which thou vnaskt shalt haue.

Ouer my Altars hath he hung his Launce,
His battred shield, his vncontrolled Crest,
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and daunce,
To coy, to wanton, dally, smile and iest,
Scorning his churlish Drum, and Ensigne red,
Making my Armes his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he that ouer-rul'd, I ouerswayed,
Leading him prisoner in a red Rose chaine:
Strong tempred steel his stronger strength obeied,
Yet was he seruile to my coy disdaine.
Oh be not proud, nor bragge not of thy might,
For mastring her that foild the God of fight.

Touch

Touch but my lips with those faire lips of thine,
(Though mine be not so faire, yet are they red)
The kisse shall be thine owne as well as mine.
What seest thou in the ground? hold vp thy head:
Looke in mine eye-bals, where thy beautie lies,
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes on eyes?

Art thou asham'd to kisse? then winke againe,
And I will winke, so shall the day seeme night.
Loue keeps his Reuels where there be but twaine:
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight.
These blue veind Violets, whereon we leane,
Neuer can blab, nor know they what we meane.

The tender Spring, vpon thy tempting lip,
Shewes thee vnripe; yet maist thou well be tasted:
Make vse of time, let not aduantage slip,
Beauty within itselfe should not be wasted. (prime,
Faire flowres, that are not gathered in their
Rot and consume themselues in little time.

Were I hard-fauoured, foule, or wrinkled olde,
Ill natur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
Ore-worne, despised, rheumaticke and cold,
Thick sighted, barren, leane, and lacking ioyce,
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for
But hauing no defects, why dost abhor me? (thee:

Thou

Thou canſt not ſee one wrinkle in my brow,
Mine eies are gray and bright, & quick in turning:
My beautie as the Spring doth yeerely growe,
My fleſh is ſoft and plum, my marrow burning:
My ſmooth moiſt hãd, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palme diſſolue or ſeeme to melt.

Bid me diſcourſe, I will enchaunt thine eare,
Or like a Fairie trip vpon the greene,
Or like a Nymph, with long diſheueld heare
Dance on the ſands, and yet no footing ſeene.
Loue is a ſpirit all compact of fire,
Not groſſe to ſinke, but light and will aſpire.

Witneſſe this Primroſe banke whereon I lie, (me:
The forceleſſe flowres, like ſturdie trees ſupport
Two ſtrẽgthles doues wil draw me through the skie
From morn til night, euen where I liſt to ſport me.
Is loue ſo light, ſweet Boy, and may it be
That thou ſhouldſt thinke it heauie vnto thee?

Is thine owne heart to thine owne face affected?
Can thy right hand ſeize loue vpon thy left?
Then woo thy ſelfe, be of thy ſelfe reiected,
Steale thine owne freedome, & complaine of theft.
Narciſſus ſo himſelfe, himſelfe forſooke,
And dyed to kiſſe his ſhadow in the brooke.

Torches

Torches are made to light, iewels to weare,
Dainties to taſte, freſh beautie for the vſe,
Herbes for their ſmell, and ſappie plants to beare:
Things growing to themſelues are growths abuſe.
Seeds ſpring from ſeeds, and beautie breedeth beautie:
Thou wert begot, to get it is thy dutie.

Vpon the earths increaſe why ſhouldſt thou feed,
Vnleſſe the earth with thy increaſe be fed?
By law of Nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may liue when thou thy ſelfe art dead:
And ſo in ſpight of death thou dooſt ſuruiue,
In that thy likeneſſe ſtill is left aliue.

By this, the Loue-ſicke Queene began to ſweat,
For where they lay the ſhadow had forſooke them:
And *Tytan* tyred in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly ouer-looke them,
Wiſhing *Adonis* had his teame to guide;
So he were like him, and by *Venus* ſide.

And now *Adonis* with a lazie ſpright,
And with a heauie, darke diſliking eye,
His lowring browes, orewhelming his faire ſight,
Like miſtie vapours, when they blot the skie,
Sowring his cheekes, cries fie, no more of loue,
The Sunne doth burne my face, I muſt remoue.

Ay me(quoth *Venus*) yong, and ſo vnkind !
What bare excuſes mak'ſt thou to be gonne ?
I'le ſigh celeſtiall breath, whoſe gentle wind
Shall coole the heat of this deſcending Sunne :
I'le make a ſhadow for thee of my heares,
If they burne too, I'le quench them with my (teares.
The ſun that ſhines from heauen ſhines but warm,
And loe, I lie betweene that Sunne and thee :
The heat I haue from thence doth little harme,
Thine eie darts forth the fire that burneth mee :
And were I not immortall, life were done,
Betweene this heauenly and earthly Sunne.

Art thou obdurate, flintie, hard as ſteele ?
Nay more then flint, for ſtone at raine relenteth :
Art thou a womans ſonne, and canſt not feele
What tis to loue, how want of loue tormenteth ?
O, had thy mother borne ſo bad a mind, (kind.
Shee had not brought forth thee, but died vn-

What am I, that thou ſhouldſt contemne me this ?
Or what great danger dwels vpon my ſute ?
What were thy lips the worſe for one poore kiſſe ?
Speake, Faire : but ſpeake faire words or elſe bee
Giue me one kiſſe, Ile giue it thee again, (mute.
And one for int'reſt, if thou wilt haue twaine.

Fie,

Fie, liuelesse picture, colde and senseleſſe stone,
Well painted Idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eie alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred:
Thouart no man, though of a mans complexion.
For men wil kisse euen by their owne direction.

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth prouoke a pause,
Red cheekes and fierie eies blaze forth her wrong,
Being iudge in loue, she cannot right her cause,
And now she weeps, & now she fain wold speak,
And now her sobs doe her intendments breake.

Sometimes she shakes her head, & then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground:
Sometimes her armes infold him like a band:
She would, he will not in her armes be bound:
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She lockes her Lilly fingers one in one.

Fondling, she saith, since I haue hem'd thee heere,
Within the circuit of this Iuorie pale,
I'le be the Parke, and thou shalt be my Deere,
Feed where thou wilt on mountaine or in dale,
Graze on my lips, and if those hils be drie,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountaines lie.

Within

Within this limit is relieſe enough,
Sweet bottome graſſe, and high delightfull plaine,
Round riſing hillockes, brakes obſcure and rough,
To ſhelter thee from tempeſt and from raine:
Then be my Deere, ſince I am ſuch a Parke,
No Dogge ſhall rouze thee, though a thouſand barke.

At this *Adonis* ſmiles, as in diſdaine,
That in each cheeke appeares a pretie dimple.
Loue made thoſe hollowes: if himſelfe were ſlaine,
He might be buried in a tombe ſo ſimple:
Fore-knowing well if there he came to lye,
Why there loue liu'd, & there he could not dye.

Theſe louing caues, thoſe round inchaunting pits,
Opened their mouthes to ſwallow *Venus* liking:
Being mad before, how doth ſhee now for wits?
Strooke dead at firſt, what needs a ſecond ſtriking?
Poore Queen of loue, in thine own law forlorn,
To loue a cheek that ſmiles at thee in ſcorne!

Now which way ſhall ſhe turne? what ſhall ſhe ſay?
Her words are done, her woes the more increaſing:
The time is ſpent, her obiect will away,
And from her twyning armes doth vrge releaſing.
Pittie ſhe cries, ſome fauour, ſome remorſe:
Away he ſprings, and haſteth to his horſe.

But

But loe, from forth a copp's that neighbours by,
A breeding Iennet, luſtie, yong and proud,
Adonis trampling Courſer doth eſpie,
And forth ſhe ruſhes, ſnorts, and neighs aloude:
The ſtrong neckt Steed, being tied vnto a tree,
Breaketh his reine, and to her ſtraight goes hee.

Imperiouſly he leapes, he neighs, he bounds:
And now his wouen girts he breakes aſunder,
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whoſe hollow wombe reſounds like heauens thun-
The iron bit he cruſhes 'tweene his teeth, (der
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His eares vp prickt, his braided hanging mane
Vpon his compaſt Creſt now ſtands on end:
His noſtrils drinke the aire, and forth againe,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he ſend:
His eie which ſcornfully gliſters like fire,
Shewes his hot courage, and his high deſire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the ſteps,
With gentle Maieſtie and modeſt pride,
Anon he reares vpright, curuets and leapes;
As who ſhould ſay, Loe, thus my ſtrength is tride,
And thus I doe to captiuate the eie
Of the faire breeder that is ſtanding by.

What

What reeketh he his riders angry ſtur,
His flattering Holla, or his ſtand I ſay,
What cares he now, for curb, or pricking ſpur,
For rich capariſons, or trapping gay?
He ſees his loue, and nothing elſe he ſees:
For nothing elſe with his proud ſight agrees.

Looke when a Painter would ſurpaſſe the life,
In limming out a well proportioned ſteed,
His Art with Natures workmanſhip at ſtrife,
As if the dead the liuing ſhould exceed:
So did his horſe excell a common one,
In ſhape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round hooft, ſhort ioynted, fetlocks ſhag and long,
Broad breſt, full eyes, ſmall head, and noſtril wide,
High creſt, ſhort ears, ſtraight legs, & paſſing ſtrong,
Thin mane, thick taile, broad buttock, tender hide:
Looke what a horſe ſhould haue, he did not lack,
Saue a proud rider on ſo proud a backe.

Sometimes he ſcuds farre off, and there he ſtares:
Anon he ſtares at ſtirring of a feather:
To bid the wind a race he now prepares,
And where he run or flie, they know not whether.
For through his mane & taile the high wind ſings,
Fanning the hairs, who waue like feathered wings.

He lookes vpon his loue, and neighs vnto her.
She answeres him, as if she knew his minde.
Being proud, as females are, to see him wooe her,
She puts on outward strangenesse, seemes vnkind,
Spurns at his loue, & scornes the heat he feeles,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then like a melancholly male-content,
He vales his taile: that, like a falling plume,
Coole shadow to his melting buttocks lent,
He stampes, and bites the poore flies in his fume:
His loue perceiuing how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his fury was asswag'd.

His testie Master goes about to take him,
When lo, the vnbacked breeder full of feare,
Iealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left *Adonis* there;
As they were mad vnto the wood they hie them,
Outstripping crowes, that striue to ouerfly them.

All swolne with chasing, downe *Adonis* sits,
Banning his boisterous and vnruly beast:
And now the happy season once more fits
That loue-sicke *Loue*, by pleading may be blest.
For louers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is bard the aidance of the tong.

An

An Ouen that is ſtopt, or Riuer ſtaid,
Burneth more hotly, ſwelleth with more rage:
So of concealed ſorrow may be ſaid;
Free vent of words loues fire doth aſſwage:
But when the hearts Attorney once is mute,
The Clyent breakes, as deſperate in his ſute.

He ſees her comming, and begins to glowe;
Euen as a dying coale reuiues with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow,
Lookes on the dull earth with diſturbed mind:
Taking no notice that ſhe is ſo nie,
For all aſcance he holds her in his eye.

O what a ſight it was wiſtly to view,
How ſhe came ſtealing to the wayward boy,
To note the fighting conflict of her hiew,
How white and red each other did deſtroy:
But now her cheeke was pale, and by and by
It flaſht forth fire, and lightning from the ſky.

Now was ſhe iuſt before him as he ſat,
And like a lowly louer downe ſhe kneeles,
With one faire hand ſhe heaueth vp his hat,
Her other tender hand his faire cheekes feeles:
His tender cheekes receiue her ſoft hands print,
As apt as new fallen ſnowe takes any dint.

Oh what a war of lookes was then between them?
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing,
His eyes saw her eyes, as they had not seene them,
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdaind the wooing:
And all this dumb play had his acts made plaine,
With teares which *Chorus*-like her eyes did raine.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A Lilly prisond in a gaile of snow,
Or Iuory in an Alabaster band,
So white a friend ingirts so white a foe:
This beautious combat wilfull, and vnwilling,
Shewd like to siluer doues that fit a billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began.
O fairest mouer on this mortall round,
Would thou were as I am, and I a man,
My hart all whole as thine, thy hart my wound:
For one sweet looke my helpe I would assure thee,
Though nothing but my bodies bane would cure thee.
Giue me my hand (saith he) why dost thou feele it?
Giue me my hart (saith she) & thou shalt haue it.
O giue it me, lest thy hard hart do steele it,
And being steeld, soft sighs can neuer graue it:
Then louers deepe groanes I neuer shall regard,
Because *Adonis* hart hath made mine hard.

For ſhame he cries, Let go, and let me goe,
My dayes delight is paſt, my horſe is gone,
And tis your fault I am bereft him ſo,
I pray you hence, and leaue me here alone.
For all my mind, my thought, my buſie care,
Is how to get my Palfrey from the mare.

Thus ſhe replies; Thy Palfrey, as ſhe ſhould,
Welcomes the warme approach of ſweet deſire.
Affection is a coale that muſt be coold,
Elſe ſuffred, it will ſet the heart on fire.
The ſea hath bounds, but deep deſire hath none
Therfore no maruel though thy horſe be gone.

How like a iade he ſtood, tyed to a tree,
Seruilely maſtred with a leathren raine!
But when he ſaw his loue, his youths faire fee,
He held ſuch petrie bondage in diſdaine,
Throwing the baſe thong frō his bending creſt,
Enfranchiſing his mouth, his back, his breſt.

Who ſees his true loue in her naked bed,
Teaching the ſheets a whiter hiew then white,
But when his glutton eye ſo full hath fed,
His other agents aime at like delight?
Who is ſo faint, that dares not be ſo bold,
To touch the fire, the weather being cold.

Let me excuſe thy courſer, gentle boy,
And learne of him I heartily beſeech thee,
To take aduantage on preſented ioy,
Though I were dumbe, yet his proceedings teach thee.
O learne to loue: the leſſon is but plaine,
And once made perfect, neuer loſt againe.

I know not loue (quoth hee) nor will not know it,
Vnleſſe it be a Boare, and then I chaſe it,
Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it,
My loue to loue, is loue but to diſgrace it.
For I haue heard it is a life in death,
That laughes, & weepes, & all but with a breath

Who weares a garment ſhapeleſſe and vnfiniſht?
Who plucks the bud before one leafe put forth?
If ſpringing things be any iot diminiſht,
They wither in their prime, proue nothing worth:
The Colt that's backt, & burthend being yong,
Loſeth his pride, and neuer waxeth ſtrong.

You hurt my hand with wringing: let vs part,
And leaue this idle theame, this bootleſſe chat,
Remoue your ſiege from my vnyeelding hart,
To loues alarme it will not ope the gate: (flattry:
Diſmiſſe your vowes, your fained teares, your
For where a heart is hard, they make no battry.
What,

What, canst thou talk (quoth she) hast thou a tong?
O would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing.
Thy Mermaids voice hath done me double wrong:
I had my load before, now preſt with bearing,
Melodious diſcord, heauenly tune harſh ſounding,
Earths deepe ſweet muſick, and hearts deepe ſore
(wounding.

Had I no eyes but eares, my eares would loue
That inward beautie and inuiſible.
Or were I deafe, thy outward parts would moue
Each part in me that were but ſenſible.
Though neither eyes nor eares, to heare nor ſee,
Yet ſhould I be in loue, by touching thee.

Say that the ſenſe of reaſon were bereft me,
And that I could not ſee, nor heare, nor touch,
And nothing but the very ſmell were left me,
Yet would my loue to thee be ſtill as much.
For from the ſtillitorie of thy face excelling,
Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth loue by
(ſmelling.

But oh, what banquet wert thou to the taſt,
Being nurſe and feeder of the other foure?
Would they not wiſh the feaſt ſhould euer laſt,
And bid ſuſpicion double locke the dore;
Leſt iealouſie, that ſowre vnwelcome gueſt,
Should by his ſtealing in, diſturbe the feaſt?

Once more the ruby-colourd portall open'd,
Which to his speech did hony passage yeeld:
Like a red morn that euer yet betokend
Wracke to the Sea-man, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to Shepheards, woe vnto the birds,
Gust and foule flawes to herdmen & to herds.

This ill presage aduisedly she marketh:
Euen as the wind is husht before it raineth:
Or as the Woolfe doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth:
Or like the deadly bullet of a Gun,
His meaning strooke her, ere his words begun.

And at his looke she flatly falleth downe,
For lookes kill loue, and loue by lookes reuiueth:
A smile recures the wounding of a frowne,
But blessed bankrout that by loue so thriueth:
The silly boy beleeuing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red,

And in a maze brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did thinke to reprehend her,
Which cunning loue did wittily preuent:
Fair-fall the wit that can so well defend her:
For on the grasse she lies as she were slaine,
Till his breath breatheth life in her againe.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips, a thousand wayes he seekes
To mend the hurt that his vnkindnesse marde:
He kisses her, and she, by her good will,
Will neuer rise, so he will kisse her still.

The night of sorrow now is turnd to day,
Her two blue windowes faintly she vp heaueth:
Like the faire Sun, when in his fresh array,
He cheeres the morn, and all the world relieueth:
And as the bright Sun glorifies the skie,
So is her face illumin'd with her eye.

Whose beames vpon his hairelesse face are fixt,
As if from thence they borrowed all their shine:
Were neuer foure such lamps together mixt,
Had not his clouded, with his browes repine:
But hers, which through the crystall tears gaue light,
Shone like the moone in water seene by night.

O where am I (quoth she) in earth or heauen,
Or in the Ocean drenched, or in the fire?
What houre is this, or morne, or weary euen?
Doe I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I liu'd: and life was deaths annoy:
But now I di'd, and death was liuely ioy.

O thou didſt kill me, kill me once againe.
Thy eyes ſhrewd tutor, that hard hart of thine,
Hath taught them ſcornfull tricks, & ſuch diſdaine,
That they haue murdred this poore heart of mine:
And theſe mine eies, true leders to their queen,
But for thy pitious lips no more had ſeene.

Long may they kiſſe each other for this cure,
Oh neuer let their crimſon liueries weare,
And as they laſt, their verdure ſtill indure,
To driue infection from the dangerous yeere;
That the ſtar-gazers hauing writ on death,
May ſay the plague is baniſht by thy breath.

Pure lips, ſweet ſeales, in my ſoft lips imprinted,
What bargaines may I make ſtill to be ſealing?
To ſell my ſelfe I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and vſe good dealing:
Which purchaſe if thou make, for feare of ſlips,
Set thy ſeale manuell on my wax-red lips.

A thouſand kiſſes buyes my heart from me,
And pay them at thy leaſure one by one.
What is ten hundred kiſſes vnto thee?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
Say for non-payment that the debt ſhould dou-
Is twentie hundred kiſſes ſuch a trouble? (ble?

Faire Queene (quoth he) if any loue you owe me,
Measure my strangenesse with my vnripe yeeres.
Before I know my selfe seeke not to know me:
No Fisher but the vngrownefry forbeares.
The mellow plum doth fal, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluckt, is sowre to tast.

Looke, the worlds comforter, with weary gate,
His daies hot taske hath ended in the West,
The owle (nights Herald) shrieckes, tis verie late,
The sheepe are gone to fold, birds to their nest,
The coleblack clouds that shadow heauēs light,
Doe summon vs to part and bid good night.

Now let me say good night, and so say you:
If you will say so, you shall haue a kisse.
Good night (quoth she) and ere he saies adue,
The honie fee of parting tendred is,
Her armes doe lend his necke a sweet embrace,
Incorporat then they seem, face growes to face.

Till breathlesse he disioin'd, and backward drew
The heauenly moisture, that sweet corall mouth,
Whose precious taste, her thirstie lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complaine on drouth.
He with her plentie prest, she faint with dearth,
Their lips together glew'd, fall to the earth.

Now

Now quick desire hath caught her yeelding pray,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet neuer filleth,
Her lips are conquerers, his lips obey,
Paying what ransome the insulter willeth,
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so hy,
That she will draw his lips rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetnesse of the spoyle,
With blind-fold fury she begins to forrage,
Her face doth reek & smoke, her blood doth boile,
And careleſſe lust stirres vp a desperate courage:
Planting oblivion, beating reason backe,
Forgetting shames pure blush, & honors wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild-bird, being tam'd with too much handling
Or as the fleet foot Roe, that's tired with chasing,
Or like the froward infant still with dandling.
He now obeyes, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all shee listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolues with tempring,
And yeelds at last to euery light impression?
Things out of hope, are compast oft with venturing,
Chiefly in loue, whose leaue exceeds commission:
Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
But then woes best, when most his choice is froward.

When

When he did frown, ô had she then gaue ouer,
Such Nectar from his lips she had not sucke,
Foule words and frownes must not repell a louer:
What though the Rose haue pricks, yet is it pluckt?
Were beauty vnder twenty locks kept fast,
Yet loue breaks through, & picks them al at last.

For pitty now she can no more detaine him:
The poore foole prayes her that he may depart:
She is resolu'd no longer to restraine him,
Bids him farewell, and looke well to her heart,
The which by *Cupids* bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incaged in his brest.

Sweet boy, she sayes, this night Ile waste in sorrow,
For my sicke heart commands mine eies to watch.
Tell me, loues master, shall we meet to morrow?
Say, shall we, shall we, wilt thou make the match?
He tels her no, to morrow he intends
To hunt the Boar with certaine of his friends.

The Boar (quoth she) whereat a sudden pale,
Like Lawne being spred vpon the blushing Rose,
Vsurpes her cheekes, she trembles at his tale,
And on his neeke her yoking armes she throwes,
She sinketh downe, still hanging on his neeke,
He on her belly falls, she on her backe.

Now

Now is she in the verie lists of loue,
Her Champion mounted for the hot incounter:
All is imaginarie she doth proue,
He will not manage her although he mount her,
That worse then *Tantalus*, is her annoy,
To clip *Elysium*, and to lacke her ioy.

Euen as poore birds, deceiu'd with painted grapes,
Doe surfet by the eie, and pine the mawe:
Euen so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poore birds, that helpelesse berries saw;
The warm effects which she in him finds missing
Shee seekes to kindle with continuall kissing.

But all in vaine: good Queene, it will not be,
She hath assaid as much as may be prou'd,
Her pleading hath deseru'd a greater fee,
She's loue, she loues, and yet she is not lou'd:
Fie, fie, he saies, you crush me, let me goe,
You haue no reason to with-hold me so.

Thou hadst bin gone (quoth she) sweet boy ere this
But that thou toldst mee, thou wouldst hunt the (Boare.
O be aduis'd, thou knowest not what it is,
With Iauelines point, a churlish swine to goare,
Whose rushes neuer sheath'd he whetteth still,
Like to a mortall Butcher bent to kill.

On

On his bowe backe, he hath a battell ſet,
Of briſtly pikes, that euer threat his foes,
His eies like glow-wormes ſhine whē he doth fret,
His ſnowt digs ſepulchres where ere he goes:
Being mou'd, he ſtrikes what ere is in his way:
And whom he ſtrikes, his crooked tuſhes ſlay.

His brawnie ſides, with hairie briſtles armed,
Are better proofe thē thy ſpeares poīt can enter,
His ſhort thick neck cannot be eaſily harmed,
Being irefull, on the Lion he will venter,
The thorny brambles and embracing buſhes,
As fearefull of him, part, through whō he ruſhes.

Alas, he nought eſteemes that face of thine,
To which loues eie paies tributarie gazes,
Nor thy ſoft hands, ſweet lips, and chriſtall eyne,
Whoſe full perfection all the world amazes:
But hauing thee at vantage (wondrous dread!)
Would root theſe beauties as he roots the mead.

O let him keepe his lothſome cabin ſtill:
Beautie hath nought to doe with ſuch foule fiends.
Come not within his danger by thy will,
They that thriue wel, take counſel of their friends.
Whē thou didſt name the Boare, not to diſſemble,
I feard thy fortune, and my ioynts did tremble.

Didſt

Didſt thou not marke my face? was it not white?
Saweſt thou not ſignes of feare lurke in mine eye?
Grewe I not faint? and fell I not downe right?
Within my boſome, whereon thou doſt lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no reſt,
But like an earthquake ſhakes thee on my breſt.

For where loue raignes, diſturbing iealouſie,
Doth call himſelfe affections Centinell,
Giues falſe alarmes, ſuggeſteth mutinie,
And in a peaceful houre doth cry, Kill, kill,
Diſtempering gentle loue with his deſire,
As eyre and water doth abate the fire.

This ſowre informer, this bate-breeding ſpie,
This canker that eates vp loues tender ſpring,
This carry-tale, diſſentious iealouſie,
That ſometime true news, ſometime falſe doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whiſpers in mine eare,
That if I loue thee, I thy death ſhould feare.

And more then ſo, preſenteth to mine eye,
The picture of an angry chafing Boare,
Vnder whoſe ſharp fangs, on his backe doth lie,
An image like thy ſelfe, all ſtaind with goare:
Whoſe blood vpon the freſh flowres being ſhed,
Doth make them droop with griefe & hāg the hed.

What

What should I doe? seeing thee so indeed,
That trembling at th'imagination,
The thought of it doth make my faint hart bleed,
And feare doth teach it diuination;
I propheſie thy death, my liuing ſorrow,
If thou encounter with the Boare to morrow.

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me,
Vncouple at the timorous flying Hare,
Or at the Fox which liues by ſubtletie,
Or at the Roe which no encounter dare:
Purſue theſe fearefull creatures o're the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horſe keepe with thy (hounds.
And when thou haſt on foot the purblinde Hare,
Marke the poore wretch, to ouerſhut his troubles,
How he out-runs the wind, and with what care,
He cranks and croſſes with a thouſand doubles:
The many muſits through the which he goes,
Are like a labyrinth t'amaze his foes.

Sometime he runs among the flocke of ſheepe,
To make the cunning hounds miſtake their ſmell,
And ſometime where earth-deluing Conies keepe,
To ſtop the loud purſuers in their yell,
And ſometime ſorteth with a heard of Deere.
Danger deuiſeth ſhifts, wit waits on feare.

For there his ſmell with others being mingled,
The hot ſent-ſnuffing hounds are driuen to doubt,
Ceaſing their clamorous crie, till they haue ſingled
With much adoo the colde fault cleanly out.
Then do they ſpend their mouths, eccho replies,
As if another chaſe were in the skies.

By this, poore *Wat* farre off vpon a hill
Stands on his hinder legs with liſtning eare,
To hearken if his foes purſue him ſtill:
Anon their lowd alarums he doth heare,
And now his griefe may be compared well,
To one ſore ſicke, that heares the paſſing bell.

Then ſhalt thou ſee the dew-bedabbled wretch,
Turne and returne, indenting with the way,
Each enuious bryer his wearie legs doth ſcratch,
Each ſhadow makes him ſtop, each murmur ſtay.
For miſerie is trodden on by manie;
And being low, neuer releeu'd by anie.

Lie quietly, and heare a little more,
Nay doe not ſtruggle, for thou ſhalt not riſe,
To make thee hate the hunting of the Boare,
Vnlike my ſelfe thou hear'ſt me moralize,
Applying this to that, and ſo to ſo:
For loue can comment vpon euerie woe.

Where

Where did I leaue? No matter where (quoth hee)
Leaue me, and then the ſtorie aptly ends:
The night is ſpent: why what of that (quoth ſhee?)
I am (quoth he) expected of my friends,
And now tis darke, and going I ſhall fall.
In night (quoth ſhe) deſire ſees beſt of all.

But if thou fall, oh, then imagine this,
The earth, in loue with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiſſe.
Rich preyes make rich men theeues: ſo do thy lips
Make modeſt *Diane* cloudie and forlorne,
Leſt ſhe ſhould ſteale a kiſſe and die forſworne.

Now of this darke night I perceiue the reaſon,
Cynthia for ſhame obſcures her ſiluer ſhine,
Till forging *Nature* be condemn'd of treaſon,
For ſtealing moulds from heuen that were diuine,
Wherin ſhe fram'd thee in hie heauens deſpight,
To ſhame the Sunne by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath ſhe brib'd the deſtinies,
To croſſe the curious workmanſhip of Nature,
To mingle beautie with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature,
Making it ſubiect to the tyrannie
Of ſad miſchances and much miſerie.

As burning feuers, agues, pale and faint,
Life-poysoning pestilence, and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating sicknesse, whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the bloud:
Surfets, impostumes, griefe & damnd despaire,
Sweare Natures death for framing thee so faire.

And not the least of all these maladies,
But in one minutes fight brings beautie vnder:
Both fauour, sauour, hiew and qualities,
Whereat th'imperiall gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden, wasted, thaw'd and done,
As mountaine snow melts, with the midday Sun.

Therefore, despight of fruitlesse chastitie,
Loue-lacking *Vestals*, and selfe-louing *Nunnes*,
That on the earth would breed a scarcitie,
And barren dearth of daughters and of sonnes,
Be prodigall: the Lampe that burnes by night,
Dries vp his Oyle, to lend the world his light.

What is thy bodie, but a swallowing graue,
Seeming to burie that posteritie,
Which by the rights of time thou needs must haue
If thou destroy them not in their obscuritie?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdaine,
Sith in thy pride, so faire a hope is slaine.

So in thy selfe thy selfe art made away,
A mischiefe worse then ciuill home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselues do slay,
Or Butchers Sire, that reaues his sonne of life.
Foule cankering rust the hidden treasure frets:
But Gold that's put to vse more Gold begets.

Nay then, quoth *Adon*, you will fall againe
Into your idle ouer-handled Theame,
The kisse I gaue you is bestow'd in vaine,
And all in vaine you striue against the streame.
For by this black fac't night, desires foule nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse & worse.

If loue haue lent you twentie thousand tongues,
And euerie tongue more moouing then your owne,
Bewitching like the wanton Mermaides Songs,
Yet from mine eare the tempting tune is blowne.
For know, my heart stands armed in my eare,
And will not let a false sound enter there;

Lest the deceiuing harmonie should runne
Into the quiet closure of my brest,
And then my little heart were quite vndone,
In his bed-chamber to be bard of rest:
No Ladie, no: my heart longs not to groane,
But soundly sleepes, while now it sleepes alone.

What haue you vrg'd that I cannot reproue?
The path is smooth that leadeth vnto danger.
I hate not loue, but your deuice in loue,
That lends embracements vnto euerie stranger.
You doe it for increase: ô strange excuse!
When reason is the Bawde to lusts abuse.

Call it not loue, for loue to heauen is fled,
Since sweating lust on earth vsurpt his name:
Vnder whose simple semblance he hath fed,
Vpon fresh beautie, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot Tyrant stains, & soone bereaues,
As Caterpillers doe the tender leaues.

Loue comforteth like Sun shine after raine:
But lusts effect is tempest after Sunne.
Loues gentle spring doth alwaies fresh remaine:
Lusts winter comes, ere Summer halfe be done.
Loue surfets not: lust like a glutton dies.
Loue is all truth: lust full of forged lies.

More I could tell: but more I dare not say.
The text is old, the Orator too greene.
Therefore in sadnesse, now I will away,
My face is full of shame, my heart of teene:
Mine eares that to your wanton talke attended,
Doe burne themselues for hauing so offended.

With this, he breaketh from the ſweet imbrace
Of thoſe faire arms which bound him to her breſt,
And homeward through the darke lawnes runnes
Leaues loue vpon her back deeply diſtreſt. (apace,
Looke how a bright ſtar ſhooteth from the skie,
So glides he in the night from *Venus* eie:

Which after him ſhe darts, as one on ſhore,
Gazing vpon a late embarked friend,
Till the wild waues will haue him ſeene no more,
Whoſe ridges with the meeting cloudes contend:
So did the mercileſſe and pitchie night,
Fold-in the obiect that did feed her ſight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that vnaware
Hath dropt a precious jewell in the floud,
Or 'ſtoniſht, as night wandrers often are,
Their light blowne out in ſome miſtruſtfull wood:
Euen ſo confounded in the darke ſhe lay,
Hauing loſt the faire diſcouerie of her way.

And now ſhe beates her heart, whereat it grones,
That all the neighbor caues, as ſeeming troubled,
Make verball repetition of her mones:
Paſſion, on paſſion, deeply is redoubled:
Eigh me, ſhe cries, and twentie times woe, woe,
And twentie ecchoes twentie times crie ſo.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And ſings extemp'rally a wofull dittie,
How loue makes yong men thrall & old men dote,
How loue is wiſe in folly, foolish wittie:
Her beauie antheme ſtill concludes in woe,
And ſtill the Quire of Eechoes anſwer ſo.

Her ſong was tedious, and out-wore the night,
For louers houres are long, though ſeeming ſhort:
If pleas'd themſelues, others they thinke delight
In ſuch like circumſtance, with ſuch like ſport:
Their copious Stories, oftentimes begunne,
End without audience, and are neuer done.

For who hath ſhe to ſpend the night withall,
But idle ſounds, reſembling Paraſites,
Like ſhrill tongu'd Tapſters anſwering euerie call,
Soothing the humour of fantaſtick wits?
She ſaid, tis ſo, they anſwer all tis ſo,
And would ſay after her, if ſhe ſaid no.

Loe here the gentle Larke, wearie of reſt,
From his moiſt cabinet mounts vp on high,
And wakes the morning, from whoſe ſiluer breſt,
The Sunne ariſeth in his Maieſtie:
Who doth the World ſo gloriouſly behold,
That Cedar tops and hils ſeeme burniſht Gold.

Venus

Venus ſalutes him with this faire good morrow;
O thou cleere God, and Patron of all light,
From whom each lamp & ſhining ſtar doth borrow
The beautious influence that makes him bright,
There liues a Son, that ſuckt an earthly mother,
May lend thee light as thou doſt lend to other.

This ſaid, ſhe haſteth to a Myrtle groue,
Muſing the morning is ſo much ore-worne,
And yet ſhe heares no tidings of her loue,
She harkens for his hounds and for his horne:
Anon ſhe heares them chaunt it luſtily,
And all in haſte ſhe coaſteth to the cry.

And as ſhe runs, the buſhes in the way,
Some catch her by the necke, ſome kiſſe her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her ſtay:
She wildly breaketh from their ſtrict embrace,
Like a milch Doe, whoſe ſwelling dugs doe ake,
Haſting to feed her Fawne hid in ſome brake.

By this, ſhe heares the Hounds are at a bay,
Whereat ſhe ſtarts, like one that ſpies an Adder,
Wreath'd vp in fatall folds iuſt in his way,
The feare wherof doth make him ſhake & ſhudder:
Euen ſo the timorous yelping of the hounds,
Appalles her ſenſes, and her ſpirit confounds.

For

For now she knowes it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt Boare, rough Beare, or Lion proud:
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearefully the Dogs exclaime aloude:
Finding their enemie to be so curst,
They all straine curt'sie who shall cope him first.

This dismall cry rings sadly in her eare,
Through which it enters to surprize her heart:
Who ouercome by doubt and bloudlesse feare,
With cold-pale weakenesse numms each feeling part:
Like Souldiers when their Captaine once doth yeeld,
They basely flie, & dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling extasie,
Till cheering vp her senses sore dismaid,
She tels them 'tis a causelesse fantasie,
And childish errour that they are afraid, (moe:
Bids them leaue quaking, will's them feare no
And with that word she spi'd the hunted Boare:

Whose frothie mouth bepainted all with red,
Like milke & bloud being mingled both together,
A second feare through all her sinewes spred,
Which madly hurries her, she knowes not whither:
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires, to rate the Boare for murther.

A thouſand ſpleenes beare her a thouſand waies,
She treades the path that ſhe vntreads againe,
Her more then haſte is marred with delaies,
Like the proceedings of a drunken braine,
Full of reſpect, yet nought at all reſpecting,
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kenneld in a brake ſhe finds a Hound,
And askes the wearie Catife for his Maſter,
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainſt venim'd ſores the onely ſoueraign plaſter,
And heere ſhe meets another ſadly ſcowling,
To whom ſhe ſpeaks, & he replies with howling.

When he had ceaſt his ill reſounding noiſe,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner blacke and grim
Againſt the welkin vollies out his voice,
Another and another anſwere him,
Clapping their proud tailes to the groũd below,
Shaking their ſcratcht ears, bleeding as they go.

Looke how the worlds poore people are amazed
At apparitions, ſignes and prodigies,
Wheron with fearefull eies they long haue gazed,
Infuſing them with dreadfull propheſies:
So ſhe at theſe ſad ſignes drawes vp her breath:
And ſighing it againe, exclaimes on death.

Hard

Hard-fauoured Tyrant, vgly, meagre, leane,
Hatefull diuorce of loue (thus chides the Death)
Grim-grinning ghoſt, earths worm, what doſt thou
To ſtiffe beautie and to ſteale his breath? (meane
Who when he liu'd, his breath and beautie ſet
Gloſſe on the Roſe, ſmell to the Violet.

If he be dead, ô no: it cannot be,
Seeing his beautie thou ſhouldſt ſtrike at it.
O yes, it may: thou haſt no eies to ſee;
But hatefully at random doſt thou hit.
Thy marke is feeble age: but thy falſe dart
Miſtakes that time, and cleaues an Infants hart.

Hadſt thou but bid beware, then he had ſpoke,
And hearing him, thy power had loſt his power,
The deſtinies will curſe thee for this ſtroke,
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluckſt a flower:
Loues golden arrow at him ſhould haue fled,
And not Deaths Ebon dart to ſtrike him dead.

Doſt thou drinke teares, that thou prouok'ſt ſuch (weeping?
What may a heauie grone aduantage thee?
Why haſt thou caſt, into eternall ſleeping,
Thoſe eies that taught all other eies to ſee?
Now nature cares not for thy mortall vigour,
Since her beſt worke is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Heere

Heere ouer-come, as one full of deſpaire,
She vaild her eie-lids, who like ſluces ſtopt
The cryſtall tide, that from her two cheekes faire,
In the ſweet channell of her boſome dropt. (raine,
But through the floud-gates breakes the ſiluer
And with his ſtrong courſe opens them againe.

O how her eies and teares did lend and borrow!
Her eies ſeene in her teares, teares in her eie,
Both criſtals, where they view'd ech others ſorrow,
Sorrow, that friendly ſighs ſought ſtill to drie:
But like a ſtormie day, now wind now raine,
Sighes drie her cheekes, teares make them wet
(againe.

Variable paſſions throng her conſtant woe,
As ſtriuing which ſhould beſt become her griefe;
All entertain'd, each paſſion labours ſo,
That euerie preſent ſorrow ſeemeth chiefe:
But none is beſt: then ioine they all together,
Like many clouds conſulting for foule weather.

By this, far off, ſhe heares ſome Huntſman hollow:
A nurſes Song ne're pleas'd her babe ſo well.
The dire imagination, ſhe did follow,
This ſound of hope doth labour to expell.
For now reuiuing ioy bids her reioyce,
And flatters her, it is *Adonis* voice.

Where-

Whereat her teares began to turne their tide,
Being priſon'd in her eie, like pearles in glaſſe :
Yet ſometime fals an orient drop beſide,
Which her cheek melts : as ſcorning it ſhould paſſe
To waſh the foule face of the ſluttiſh ground,
Who is but drunken when ſhe ſeemeth drown'd.

O hard-beleeuing loue, how ſtrange it ſeemes
Not to beleeue, and yet too credulous!
Thy weale and woe, are both of them extremes,
Deſpaire and hope make thee ridiculous.
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts vnlikely,
With likely thoughts the other kils thee quickly.

Now ſhe vnweaues the web that ſhe had wrought,
Adonis liues; and Death is not to blame:
It was not ſhe that call'd him all to naught,
Now ſhe addes honour to his hateſull name,
She cleeps him King of graues, and graue for
Imperiall Supreme of all mortall things. (kings,

No, no (quoth ſhe) ſweet death I did but ieſt;
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of feare,
When as I met the Boare that bloudie beaſt,
Which knowes no pittie, but is ſtill ſeuere:
Then gentle ſhadow (truth I muſt confeſſe)
I raild on thee, fearing my loues deceaſe.

Tis

Tis not my fault: the Boare prouok't my tongue,
Be wreakt on him (Inuisible commander)
Tis he, foule creature, that hath done thee wrong,
I did but act, he's Author of thy slander:
Griefe hath two tongues, and neuer woman yet
Could rule them both, without ten womens wit.

Thus hoping that *Adonis* is aliue,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate:
And that his beautie may the better thriue,
With death shee humbly doth insinuate; (Stories,
Tels him of Trophies, Statues, Tombes and
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

O *Ioue*, quoth she, how much a foole was I,
To be of such a weake and silly mind,
To waile his death who liues and must not die,
Till mutuall ouerthrow of mortall kind,
For he being dead, with him is beautie slaine,
And beautie dead, blacke *Chaos* comes againe.

Fie, fie, fond loue, thou art so full of feare,
As one with treasure laden hemd with theeues:
Trifles (vnwitnessed with eie or eare)
Thy Coward heart with false bethinking greeues:
Euen at this word she heares a merrie horne,
Whereat she leapes, that was but late forlorne.

As

As Faulcon to the lure, away she flies:
The graſſe ſtoopes not, ſhe treads on it ſo light,
And in her haſte vnfortunately ſpies
The foule Boares conqueſt on her faire delight.
Which ſeen, her eies, as murdred with the view,
Like ſtars aſham'd of day, themſelues withdrew.

Or as the ſnaile, whoſe tender hornes being hit,
Shrinkes backward in his ſhelly cane with paine,
And there all ſmothered vp in ſhade doth ſit,
Long after fearing to creepe forth againe:
So at his bloudie view, her eies are fled
Into the deep darke cabins of her head.

Where they reſigne their office and their light,
To the diſpoſing of her troubled braine:
Who bids them ſtill conſort with vgly night,
And neuer wound the heart with looks againe,
Who like a King perplexed in his throne,
By their ſuggeſtion giues a deadly grone.

Whereat each tributarie ſubiect quakes,
As when the wind impriſoned in the ground,
Struggling for paſſage, earths foundation ſhakes,
Which with cold terror doth mens minds cõfound.
This mutinie each part doth ſo ſurpriſe, (eies.
That from their dark beds once more leape her

And

And, being opened, threw vnwilling sight
Vpon the wide wound that the Boare had trencht
In his soft flanke: whose wonted Lilly white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drenchr,
No flowre was nigh, no grasse, herb, leafe or weed,
But stole his bloud, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemne sympathy poore *Venus* noteth,
Ouer one shoulder doth she hang her head,
Dumbly she passions, frantickly she doteth,
She thinkes he could not die, he is not dead:
Her voice is stopt, her joints forget to bow,
Her eies are mad, that they haue wept till now.

Vpon his hurt she lookes so stedfastly, (three,
That her sight dazling makes the wound seeme
And then she reprehends her mangling eie, (bee:
That makes more gashes, where no breach should
His face seemes twain, each seueral lim is doubled,
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

My tongue cannot expresse my griefe for one;
And yet (quoth she) behold two *Adons* dead:
My sighes are blowne away, my salt teares gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead.
Heauie hearts lead melt at mine eyes, as fire:
So shall I dye by drops of hot desire.

Alas poore world, what treasure hast thou lost,
What face remains aliue that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is musicke now? what canst thou
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing? (boast
The flowres are sweet, their colors fresh & trim,
But true sweet beautie liu'd, and dy'de in him.

Bonnet, or veile henceforth no creature weare:
Nor Sunne nor Wind will euer striue to kisse you:
Hauing no faire to lose, you need not feare:
The Sunne doth scorne you, & the wind doth hisse
But when *Adonis* liu'd, Sun and sharp ayre (you:
Lurkt like two theeues, to rob him of his faire.

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Vnder whose brim the gawdie Sunne would peep,
The wind would blow it off, and being gone,
Play with his lockes, then would *Adonis* weepe:
And straight in pitty of his tender yeeres,
They both would striue who first should dry his (teares.

To see his face, the Lion walkt along,
Behind some hedge, because hee would not feare him:
To recreate himselfe when he hath song,
The Tygre would be tame, and gently heare him:
If he had spoke, the Wolfe would leaue his prey,
And neuer fright the silly Lambe that day.

When

When he beheld his ſhadow in a Brooke,
The fiſhes ſpred on it their golden gils:
When he was by, the birds ſuch pleaſure tooke,
That ſome would ſing, ſome other in their bils
Would bring him Mulberies, and ripe red Cher-
He fed them with his ſight, they him with (ries,
(berries.
But this foule, grim and vrchin-ſnouted Boare,
Whoſe downward eye ſtill looketh for a graue,
Ne're ſaw the beauteous liuerie that he wore;
Witneſſe the entertainment that he gaue:
If he did ſee his face, why then I know,
He thought to kiſſe him, and hath kild him ſo.

Tis true, tis true, thus was *Adonis* ſlaine,
He ran vpon the Boare with his ſharpe ſpeare,
Who would not whet his teeth at him againe,
But by a kille thought to perſwade him there:
And nouſling in his flanke, the louing Swine
Sheath'd vnaware his tuske in his ſoft groine.

Had I beene tooth'd like him, I muſt confeſſe,
With kiſſing him I ſhould haue kild him firſt:
But he is dead and neuer did he bleſſe
My youth with his: the more I am accurſt:
With this ſhe falleth in the place ſhe ſtood,
And ſtaines her face with his congealed bloud.

She lookes vpon his lips, and they are pale,
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold,
She whiſpers in his eare a heauie tale,
As if he heard the woefull words ſhe told,
She lifts the coffer lids that cloſe his eies,
Where lo, two lampes burnt out, in darknes lies.

Two glaſſes, where her ſelfe her ſelfe beheld,
A thouſand times, and now no more reflect:
Their vertue loſt, wherein they late exceld,
And euerie beautie robd of his effect:
Wonder of time (quoth ſhe) this is my ſpight,
That you being dead, the day ſhould yet be light.

Since thou art dead, loe, here I propheſie
Sorrow on loue hereafter ſhall attend:
It ſhall be waited on with icalouſie,
Find ſweet beginning, but vnſauorie end,
Nere ſettles equally, too high or lowe;
That all loues pleaſure ſhall not match his woe.

It ſhall be fickle, falſe, and full of fraude,
And ſhall be blaſted in a breathing while,
The bottome poyſon, and the top o're-ſtraw'd
With ſweets, that ſhall the ſharpeſt ſight beguile.
The ſtrongeſt bodie ſhall it make moſt weake,
Strike the wiſe dumb, & teach the fool to ſpeak.

It ſhall be ſparing, and too full of ryot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the meaſures,
The ſtaring Ruffian ſhall it keepe in quiet,
Plucke downe the rich, enrich the poore with treaſures,
It ſhall be raging mad, and ſilly milde,
Make the yong old, the old become a childe.

It ſhall ſuſpect, where is no cauſe of feare,
It ſhall not feare where it ſhould moſt miſtruſt,
It ſhall be mercifull, and too ſeuere,
And moſt deceiuing when it ſeemes moſt iuſt:
Peruerſe it ſhal be, where it ſeemes moſt toward,
Put feare to valour, courage to the coward.

It ſhall be cauſe of warre, and dire euents,
And ſet diſſenſion twixt the Sonne and Sire,
Subiect and ſeruile to all diſcontents,
As drie combuſtious matter is to fire,
Sith in his prime, death doth my loue deſtroy,
They that loue beſt, their loue ſhall not enioy.

By this, the Boy that by her ſide lay kild,
Was melted like a vapour from her ſight,
And in his bloud that on the ground lay ſpild,
A purple flowre ſprung vp checkred with white,
Reſembling well his pale cheeks and the bloud,
Which in round drops vpō their whitenes ſtood.

She

She bows her head, the new-ſprung flowre to ſmel
Comparing it to her *Adonis* breath:
And ſayes within her boſome it ſhall dwell,
Since he himſelfe is reft from her by death:
She crops the ſtalke, and in the breach appeares
Green-dropping ſap, which ſhe compares to teares.

Poore flowre (quoth ſhe) this was thy fathers guiſe
(Sweet iſſue of a more ſweet-ſmelling Sire)
For euerie little griefe to wet his eies,
To growe vnto himſelfe was his deſire,
And ſo is mine: but know it is as good
To wither in my breſt, as in his bloud.

Here was thy Fathers bed, here in my breſt,
Thou art the next of bloud, and tis thy right:
Loe, in this hollow cradle take thy reſt,
My throbbing heart ſhall rock thee day and night.
There ſhall not be one minute of an houre,
Wherein I will not kiſſe my ſweet Loues flowre.

Thus weary of the World, away ſhe hies,
And yokes her ſiluer Doues: by whoſe ſwift aide
Their Miſtris mounted, through the emptie skies
In her light Chariot quickly is conueid,
Holding their courſe to *Paphos*, where ſhe
Meanes to immure her ſelfe, and not bee ſeene.

FINIS.